

THE BESCO MESS

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE LEAGUE'S PRESTIGE

THE commission appointed by the League of Nations to consider the Mosul boundary dispute between Great Britain and Turkey, and which is composed of Count Telekt of Hungary, M. Wirsén of Sweden, and Colonel Paulis of Belgium, has completed its investigations and returned to Geneva to formulate its findings. According to a recent despatch in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, the League has learned 'semi-officially' that Angora has refused to accept adverse findings, and the despatch goes on to say:

It is intimated that they [the commission] will be instructed to compromise and even to lean towards the Turks. League Officials admit a pro-British decision, even if justified, would be a great diplomatic mistake, because the Turks would not observe it and the British will not fight. The League is impotent to impose its decision. However, the League's major task in this instance is to avoid warfare and also to secure Turkey's friendliness.

This should reassure France and hearten Poland, and go far towards gaining their consent to the arbitration of Germany's eastern frontiers. We look forward to the day when we shall read: 'Count Telekt, M. Wirsén, and Colonel Paulis, who were recently so successful in settling amicably the Mosul

boundary dispute, have now returned to Geneva to formulate their findings on the German-Polish boundary question. The League has learned semi-officially that Poland has refused to accept adverse findings and the commission has been instructed to bring in a pro-Polish decision, since the Poles refuse to accept any other and the Germans will not fight. The League's major task is to avoid warfare and secure Poland's friendliness.'

WHATEVER the rights of the Mosul question may be, the guiding principle which the League is said to have adopted is hardly one that will commend itself to the majority of its supporters. Absurd as the report quoted may seem, we are almost inclined to credit it in view of the past record of cases in which the League has found itself impotent to implement justice—a record so manifest that it is possible for such a notorious humbug as Mr. George to state in Parliament that the League stands discredited in the eyes of Germany and Russia without the real friends of the League being able to challenge his accusation. We know that the League is working at present under many and almost intolerable restrictions, but its only hope of fulfilment is to build up a feeling of confidence in its integrity and a consequent respect for its decisions; and that will not be done if its commissions

permit considerations of expedience to affect the impartiality of their findings. It is to be hoped a day will come when every international dispute will be arbitrable under the League, and that a general compact such as was proposed in the Geneva Protocol will be in operation to back the League's findings with a force that will ensure the respect of either Turk or Christian. But that day will never come if the servants of the League bring it into disrepute meanwhile by a faint-hearted surrender to the difficulties and discouragements that beset them to-day.

HERE has been such a chorus of praise in the Canadian press over Mr. MacKenzie King's 'constructive suggestions' regarding the Protocol that the man in the street might be pardoned for concluding that Canada had made a valuable contribution towards the promotion of world peace. To us it seems, on the contrary, that Canada has increased her share of responsibility for the continued impotence of the League and the consequent decline of its prestige. The real value of the Protocol lay first in its principle of compulsory arbitration of international disputes, and secondly in its provision of means for the League to enforce its decisions when made. The weakness of the Protocol was that, taken in conjunction with the Covenant of the League, it denied Germany and the other losers in the Great War the right to arbitration in disputes arising from the frontier delimitations of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. MacKenzie King's suggestions were in effect that further reservations should be made as to disputes considered 'justiciable' under the Protocol, and that the provision of the means to enforce the League's decisions should be eliminated: he appears to have evaded the thorny point of stereotyped frontiers; but has declared Canada ready to co-operate in reducing armaments. Our Premier's suggestions, therefore, if adopted, would ensure us an emasculated Protocol, an impotent League, and a festering Europe; on the other hand, of course, Canada's co-operation in reducing armaments might have a constructive result—the Canadian navy would perhaps be scrapped down to a point where it would no longer be a provocative factor in the race of armaments, and our enormous military expenditure might be reduced by the disbandment of a company of the R. C. R.

OUR INCREASING NATIONAL DEBT

TO the critical mind, the debate on the Federal budget, particularly that part which spent itself on Mr. Robb's subjective surplus, conveys an extraordinary sense of unreality, and the discussion was characterized by much of that clear and concise logic which was a feature of the Mad

Hatter's tea-party. The patient reader of *Hansard* after perusing speeches from both sides of the House will hesitate in bewilderment between the opposing pictures of Canada ascending triumphantly to altitudes of affluence and tottering helplessly on the brink of perdition. Much of the fuss and fury raged around the question of orthodoxy in the methods of accounting used by the Acting Minister of Finance, and it seems probable that the actual condition of our national budget would be more adequately expressed by a lusty deficit than by the one and three-quarter million (or alternative five and a half million) surplus, produced with a flourish from the sleeve of our financial magician Mr. Robb. Only by comparing the figures for several years can we obtain some light on our national obligations. Our net public debt at the close of the fiscal year 1920-21 was 2,340 millions and our estimated net debt for the end of the present year 1924-25 is 2,431 millions, an increase in our indebtedness in four years of over 90 millions. In addition, we have guaranteed National Railway bonds during this period to the extent of some 180 millions and, as the Canadian National Railways are greatly over-capitalized, it seems clear that this additional amount will eventually have to be met out of non-railway revenues. There can be no doubt that in spite of illusory surpluses we continue to increase the bulk of our national debt, but it is doubtful if we will be able to follow indefinitely this policy of meeting our bills by placing additional mortgages on the old homestead.

IT is apparent that our present Government has no intention of facing the difficult task involved in the reduction of our national debt, which has reached a total of two and a half billions as compared with the relatively trifling half billion of pre-war days. More than a third of our revenue is now expended in interest payments, for the last three years our annual bill for interest having averaged 135 millions. This amount would have been sufficient, if continued for five years, to pay off the entire net debt of 1914. We believe that it is undesirable that we should be obliged to raise these vast sums in perpetuity, and our only alternative is the creation of a sinking fund for the reduction of our national debt. Both Great Britain and the United States have made substantial reductions in their debt since the end of the war, and our financial difficulties are certainly no more insuperable than those faced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain. If a free-trade country, possessing not a tithe of the natural resources enjoyed by Canada, and obliged to import four-fifths of her food supplies, is able to pay unemployment benefits to a million and a quarter workers, maintain a greater

army, navy, and air force than that of pre-war days, and at the same time reduce her capital debt, the inability of our finance ministers to make a better showing indicates a decided lack of resource on their part. One of the disadvantages of our modern credit system is the ease with which we can disavow our obligations and pass them along to posterity.

MONOPOLY—PUBLIC OR PRIVATE?

THOSE sturdy individualists, survivors of the Victorian era, who still cling tenaciously to the theory of free competition as the very foundation for any sound system of economics, must view with some dismay certain tendencies recently displayed in the industrial world. A news item from New York, published early in April, announced that mergers and combines to the extent of over two billions of dollars had been completed within a few weeks. There is no need to go beyond our own borders to find illuminating examples of the steady trend towards centralization in industry. Our banks, which numbered thirty-four in 1901, have been reduced to twelve, and it was recently asserted in Parliament that the entire credit system of Canada is controlled by the heads of our three most powerful banking institutions. In the field of distribution, wholesale combines and retail chain-stores are gradually forcing the small independent operator out of business. Capital is discovering that, generally speaking, the larger the corporation the lower the unit cost of production, and consequently the greater return on investment. Where the capital of a company is distributed among a large number of shareholders, this surplus wealth is partly dispersed in the form of dividends; but a business largely owned by one individual, such as the Ford factories, where the surplus wealth is nearly all turned back into the industry, is capable of indefinite expansion. In this manner, if Mr. Ford could live to the alleged age of Methusaleh, he might easily acquire title to our entire terrestrial globe before reaching his five hundredth birthday.

A GENERATION or so ago, it was possible for an enterprising individual possessing a small capital to start a new business for the manufacture or distribution of commodities with reasonable hope of success. To-day in many branches of industry a new firm has about the same chance of survival as a lamb would have in a cage of hungry tigers. Industrial equipment is becoming increasingly complex and costly, and new inventions involve greater and greater expenditure both for the initial cost of plant and for operation. A century ago the village blacksmith with a few simple tools

could turn out a farm cart that met the requirements of the times; to-day several hundred specialized workmen and a mass of intricate machinery are needed to produce a motor car. Our progress is itself responsible for the gradual consolidation of industry, and there is every indication that in the near future we will have to choose between public and private ownership of monopolies. In either case competitive individualism will become but a memory in many lines of activity. A few craftsmen will continue to work in small shops turning out special hand-made articles for those who can afford distinctive models, but the bulk of our merchandise will be made by the ubiquitous machine. With this development, it is unlikely that any democratic peoples will allow private interests a free hand in the control of monopolies. Bismarck once said, 'Either a government must own the railways or the railways will own the government', and the same principle will apply to the ownership of any of the means of production and distribution of the necessities of life once they reach the stage of monopoly. If we do not evolve some satisfactory form of collective ownership, we will face a concentration of power that may eventually lead to violent revolution.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

SARGENT was probably the most famous English or American painter of his day. He figures prominently in the National Gallery, London, and he is a familiar name in every household. His peculiar excellence as an artist lay in the dexterity of brush-work, which he learned chiefly from Velasquez, and which he carried to such amazing virtuosity. His practice was to make each brush-stroke say as much as possible, and to leave his surface fresh and unworked. Rumour has it that he began a new canvas each day, and that the final canvas was entirely the work of the final sitting. Apart from his marvellous craftsmanship, his vision is social, rather than strictly aesthetic. It is aristocratic, never inquisitive. He does not usually probe human nature or attempt to explore the structural problems of his art. If there is an exception to this, it will be found in his Boston murals, about which opinion is divided. The value of his portraits and watercolours is not in doubt. They will always be treasured for their masterly handling, and found wanting in the deeper qualities. The growing prestige of Augustus John is certain to put Sargent's name in eclipse for a time. If we set Sargent's *Lord Ribblesdale* beside John's *Madame Suggia*, the difference is painfully obvious. Sargent is a champion skater, and John a deep-sea diver. But champion skaters do not come every day, and Sargent is a master in his

chosen manner. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the only Sargents in Canada should be two wretched sketches of Sir Arthur Currie and Lord Byng. Both of these must have been made in a state of extreme fatigue, and, in fairness to Sargent, they should not be publicly exhibited where good examples of his work are not also at hand.

STILL ANOTHER LAUGH

IN *The Last Laugh*, the Germans have made a screen drama that proves the right of the moving pictures to a place among the lively arts. It is an achievement that even those prejudiced persons who refuse to see any merit in the movies must admire, and it is being presented in every part of the civilized world where intelligent audiences can be found, except in Ontario. The English have welcomed it, and Emil Jannings, the leading actor, made personal appearances in London. *The Last Laugh* has been accepted and praised in the United States, where they are inclined, as a rule, to be jealous of foreign movies that eclipse their own costly productions. Only in one Province in the Dominion of Canada has the ban been placed upon this picture. Greatly to the joy of Hollywood, we feel sure, Ontario refuses to admit German pictures. By some obscure process of reasoning, the action is linked up with the late war. Oddly enough, nobody accepts responsibility for this reprisal—for such it appears to be. The Picture Censors were angry when criticized by a Toronto newspaper writer, and vaguely accused somebody higher up, but no man willing to accept the blame for this act of war has yet come forward, and its cause remains a mystery. In the meantime that rare thing, an artistic masterpiece in the movies, cannot be shown in Ontario. A more ridiculous example of perverted patriotism or 'The Hymn of Hate' in action would be hard to imagine.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

BY A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

MY prediction that a June election would prove impossible is now well on the way to fulfilment. The Easter recess has come and gone, and the end of Parliament's tenth week finds the Budget debate still unfinished and no other important business except the Petersen contract given any attention. The legislation by which the Government aspires to solve the railway-rate imbroglio will provide material for a prolonged and bitter controversy between the champions of sectional interests, the new Grain Act will let loose a veritable floodtide of oratory from the Progressive benches, and the implementation of the Government's pledges to compensate the Home Bank depositors will evoke considerable discussion. It is true that the crop of amending legislation is much smaller than usual, but the larger half of the estimates has still to be passed, the Australian trade treaty (unless, as many suspect, its life has been secretly extinguished) must be dealt with, and

there also remains the *pièce de résistance* of the session, to wit, the Petersen contract.

* * *

Sir William Petersen, who to the outward eye bears the guise of a minor bespectacled edition of Sir Henry Thornton, is now in our midst uttering to favoured correspondents portentous threats about the awful disclosures which he will make about the iniquitous rapacities of other shipping companies than his own, and I will await with interest his performances as a witness. However, at the first session of the special committee, further evidence of the inherent weakness of the Governmental case was disclosed when Mr. Symington, the official counsel, sought and secured the aid of the chairman in sheltering from immediate examination poor friendless Mr. Preston, whose report Ministers would now gladly put on an *index expurgatorius*, and announced his generous intention of constructing his case from evidence and data to be furnished by the much-abused ship-owners' representatives. The demarché of Mr. Donald Macleod is another disconcerting factor for, if his offer is genuine, he demonstrates clearly that Sir William is demanding very exorbitant recompense for his services as an ally. I suggest that the later phases of this strange adventure will take the following form. The special committee will insist upon radical alterations in the terms of the contract, Mr. Low will graciously agree to submit them to Sir William, and this up-to-date representative of the Vikings will regretfully find himself unable to accede to the proposed changes. The contract will then be cancelled, the North Atlantic Conference will resume its ancient habits, and during the election campaign Mr. King will loudly and continuously allege that only the wilful perversity of the opposition groups prevented the consummation of a splendid bargain which would have emancipated the Canadian people from the most malignant of their oppressors.

* * *

The Budget produced on April 24th was an amazing piece of financial legerdemain. Mr. Robb's vaunted surplus was 'like the borealis race that flits ere you can count its space' and would not have deceived a four-year-old child. It will certainly not deceive shrewd international bankers, and the real evil done by such a brazen and pathetic attempt to conceal the grim realities of our financial situation is that intelligent experts will be induced to conclude that no reasonable reliance can be placed on any statements or data emanating from our Finance Department. Immeasurable harm must thereby be done to our national credit, but what boots such a consequence as long as Ministers are possessed of an excuse for parading the blessed word 'surplus' upon election platforms. Apart from the evidence of Ministerial audacity provided by this preposterous claim of a surplus, the Budget is quite colorless and has produced a most insipid and futile debate. Of its fiscal changes, none of them important, more are in an upward than a downward direction, and the general passion for stability visible on the Government benches is taken to register a considered determination to forswear all hope of a working alliance with the Progressives and to husband every atom of political support available in the industrial areas. However, the Liberal strategists are not without reason confident that a goodly contingent of Progressive members, chiefly from Ontario, will make haste to don the Liberal uniform as soon as Parliament is dissolved.

* * *

'O passi graviora deus dabit his quoque finem' is the prevailing sentiment in Senatorial circles about the pro-

jected conference between the Federal and Provincial Governments concerning the future of the Upper Chamber. The blithe spirits who frequent its halls always made light of the frontal attack which was threatened with such belligerent oratory by the Premier at the close of last session, and they made merry over the overt disclosure of the real reason for its abandonment when the Legislature of Quebec a few weeks ago proclaimed by unanimous vote its unflinching veto upon any rash interference with the great bulwark of provincial rights. Another powerful factor in the change of tactics must be the rapid mortality among Conservative Senators. I understand that for every one of the eight vacancies there are at least a score of applicants and that their importunity is prodigious. But Senatorial vacancies are not an unmixed blessing for a Premier; if they are filled by the elevation of members of the Commons, awkward by-elections have to be faced; and if mere laymen are chosen, the disappointed candidates in the Commons become sulky and rebellious. But, properly handled on the eve of a general election, they can be made a very lucrative source of party funds.

I understand that Ministers still profess to keep an open mind about the most suitable date for a general election. They, however, ardently desire that the Liberal administrations of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Saskatchewan should during the summer months offer their *villa corpora* for experimental tests of the prevalent currents of popular opinion; and the result of these researches, about which at least one of the proposed victims, Mr. Dunning, is not enthusiastic, will determine their course. Meanwhile I hear on the best authority that the accumulation of a fat campaign fund for the furtherance of the Liberal cause goes prosperously ahead. One shrewd device has been reported to me whereby the timely transference of Governmental offices to buildings owned by landlords of the true faith will be made to yield a handsome donation for the campaign purse, and I understand that special favours granted to affluent corporations of American origin have not been unproductive. There are few contracts which escape some toll nowadays, and of course there are in friendly hands three provincial Liquor Commissions which might, and probably will, provide useful sinews of war for the promotion of the principles of Gladstone and Laurier.

A pleasant tale is abroad in Ottawa that our own Premier has been dabbling in what the ancients called the black arts. An English astrologer of high renown, who sought and secured accurate particulars of his nativity, in due course rewarded the Liberal chieftain with a horoscope which predicted for him a glorious victory at the approaching election and a long and prosperous reign in office. But the warm glow of satisfaction which this cheering report produced was not destined to be permanent, for a local Cassandra, residing in Kingston, is understood to have intervened with a stern demand that the infant astrological industry of this country should be supported, and from her inspection of the statistical viscera available, possibly supplemented by a more accurate knowledge of Canadian sentiment, a less roseate augury emerged. She did not, I hear, predict hopeless and irremediable disaster for her illustrious client, but she warned him that a dark and difficult adventure lay before him and that, if the gods allowed an escape from the woeful calamity of defeat, the margin would be narrow. What some observers of the Ottawa scene desire is that the Premier should submit himself for examination to some competent local Freud and allow the result to be published.

THE BESCO MESS

IF the cynical aphorism 'The people receive the kind of government they deserve' were quite true, it would constitute a terrible arraignment of the citizens of Nova Scotia. The conditions existing in the mining districts of Cape Breton represent one of the darkest blots on the history of Canadian industrialism, and in distributing the blame for the prevailing state of affairs it is doubtful whether the British Empire Steel Corporation or the Provincial Government is the more deserving of censure. Perhaps there has never been a labour disturbance in this country where 'respectable society' has been so entirely on the side of the workers, and even in that section of the press which automatically throws its weight on the side of Capital in any dispute, it is difficult to find an extenuating word for Besco. The company is thoroughly discredited in the eyes of all classes of the community for its Machiavellian political activities, its shady deals with local legislators, its record of mismanagement and inefficiency, and finally for its callous and avaricious treatment of its employees. Besco to-day has no friends, other than a few pachydermatous politicians who are influenced by no higher motives than those of cupboard-love. But if the company deserves all the odium it has inspired, the Armstrong Government has so far escaped much too lightly. The Province owns the mines and the Provincial Legislature has every right to insist that Besco should deal fairly and considerately with its workmen, but there is reason to fear that the Government would allow the fourteen thousand miners and their families to suffer endless privation and hardship rather than run any risk of offending their pertinacious patron the steel company.

Instead of attempting to conciliate the workers and trying to effect some basis for co-operation, Besco has determined to starve the men into submission, and in this arbitrary action the company appears to have the immoral support of its ally the Provincial Government. Mr. MacKenzie King, while consistently refusing to take any Federal action on behalf of the strikers, has made a little donation to the Corporation in the form of an increase in the duty on slack coal from fourteen to fifty cents a ton. What this means to the company is shown in an article in the *Ottawa Citizen* which was quoted in the House of Commons as follows:

Premier Armstrong, in a statement issued this afternoon, interpreted the change in the tariff to mean a direct saving to the Nova Scotia operator, competing in the St. Lawrence market, of thirty-six cents a ton in the selling price of his product. It has been estimated that the ten per cent. wage-cut proposed by the B.E.S. Co. would effect a saving of twenty-two cents

per ton in the selling price of coal. This is taken to mean, by close observers of the situation, that under the new tariff the B.E.S. Co. can afford to pay the 1924 wage scale, and at the same time enjoy a fourteen cents per ton advantage over the selling price they hoped to effect by reducing the wage scale by ten per cent.

It would be interesting to know if Mr. MacKenzie King has received assurances from Mr. Armstrong that, in the event of this item in the Budget being approved by the House, Besco will immediately restore the 1924 scale of wages. Even though this means that the company will reduce its wage-cost by ten per cent. at the expense of the consumer, it will be an improvement on the existing deadlock in the coal-fields.

If the strike should be settled on this basis, it can be only a temporary solution, and the people of Nova Scotia will be well advised to get down to first principles, and devise some system of coal production that will ensure a decent standard of living for the miners. Besco must go!—and all that it stands for in industry; the systematic exploitation of men for mean ends, the corruption of values, and the clumsy destruction of so much beauty and fineness in the lives of thousands of men, women,

and children. The public needs to be educated to a higher sense of responsibility towards those classes which are obliged to perform the rough and heavy work without which our society could not exist. We have no right to exact such heavy tribute from any group of men unless we in our turn reciprocate by ensuring them, as a minimum, a reasonable livelihood and some of the amenities of life. It is doubtful if this can be accomplished under our present system. The most promising solution would seem to be the establishment of a provincial commission on the lines of the Ontario Hydro-Electric for the operation of the coal-fields. In all the cities within the area which can be economically reached by the Nova Scotia fields, municipal coking plants could be established as suggested in the Landt report. This would in a short time greatly increase the demand for bituminous coal, and would ensure full-time work for the Cape Breton fields. If the coal were transported by water during the summer months and stored, it would probably be found that the whole of Eastern Canada could be profitably supplied from this source, thus providing the urban centres with both domestic fuel and gas at a reduced rate to the consumer.

THE HEART OF THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

BY JOHN L. McDOUGALL

THE Canadian transportation question has received a great deal of attention lately. Our American friends have proven us so hopelessly wrong and so inevitably right so often, with such facility, and with such an airy disregard of how the question arose, that a suggestion from one who has given some attention to its origins may be at least excusable. It is desired to direct attention to the heart of the problem, which lies in the 'bridge' lines that connect the great producing areas with each other and with the European market, and to outline a possible alternative to the policy of subsidizing the railways in order to get specially low rates on these lines which is now being vigorously pressed in Parliament. All that I will attempt here is a re-examination of the lines across Northern Ontario in the light of three leading ideas which the experience of the last quarter of a century has thrown into special prominence.

The first of these ideas is that transportation is a natural monopoly, and competition between railways is always a source of waste: competition may be defended, it is true, but never on the grounds of efficiency or economy. The Transportation Act of 1920 in the United States and the compulsory

consolidation in Great Britain are both an acceptance of this basic fact. It is not without significance for Canada.

The second idea is that, with the modern rise in railway wage scales and the rapid growth of the steam locomotive in hauling power, maximum economy in operation is attained where there is a long haul of heavy through train-loads and a high traffic density. With regard to the development of the locomotive, it is worth noting that the rise in weight and thermal efficiency has been continuous, and we seem to be on the verge of phenomenal developments.

The third idea is that the C.P.R. no longer bestrides Canada like a colossus. It is almost impossible to realize fully the greatness of the change. Yesterday it was our only transcontinental; unchallenged ruler of the West; defying the law, naming Cabinet Ministers, yet doing its work of national development so well that we were proud of it. To-day all that is changed; the country is more fully developed, and another great railway system has been built up, largely on the strength of Government contributions, to curb the giant's power. The C.P.R. finds itself one among its peers,

and has altered its policy to meet the new conditions. It is now possible for us to put aside our fears of a C.P.R. monopoly and co-operate with it in the work of national development.

And, finally, we must never lose sight of the foundation stone of railway economics—the principle of increasing returns. A railway calls for a heavy capital investment, which is no sooner made than it begins rapidly to deteriorate. A staff must be kept together, no matter how slight the volume of traffic offered. The result is that, up to the point of maximum utilization, the expenses incurred in handling an increasing traffic tend to rise only one-third as fast as gross earnings.

Conditions have radically altered; but have we adjusted public policy to these new conditions? Are we not still tilting at the old wind-mills? I suggest that we have not begun to realize the economies which co-operation would make possible in the region between Winnipeg and the East. The basic facts concerning the lines in this area are as follows:

That the old National Transcontinental required enormous sums for its construction is common knowledge. It is not so often stressed that its engineering standards are of the very highest. No major improvement need ever be made in it in the calculable future, except such as are necessary to care for secular increase of traffic. The old Canadian Northern line, though less costly to build, is of an almost equally high standard, particularly the section east of Port Arthur. These lines are uneconomical to-day solely because of the lightness of traffic.

The Canadian Pacific line from Winnipeg to Fort William is of the very highest class. While its grades are not quite so favourable as those of the N.T.R., it is, nevertheless, the finest piece of road west of the lakes; double-tracked, with heavy steel and bridges, it is probably the most efficient part of the whole C.P.R. system. It is not without significance that this line was built by the Government, and that the old Canadian Northern line east of Port Arthur with its very favourable location is built on a route surveyed by Government engineers, which the C.P.R. refused to occupy. The 'dizzy virtues of compound interest' often force private corporations into regrettable compromises, for in this stretch east of Fort William the C.P.R. tells a different story. The construction of this section is one of the few unhappy legacies of the Van Horne régime. It was begun in 1883 after the rest of the line was well under way. The company was short of funds, and so a location near the lakes was chosen which would permit rapid, cheap

building, and a proportionately rapid earning of subsidies. But if it was built in haste, there has been ample time to repent at leisure, for no sooner was it open for traffic than it had to be completely rebuilt. That process of improvement was only interrupted by the war, but this whole section is forever damned by the hopeless error of its original location. Its grades and curves are still exceptionally unfavourable, and cannot be brought up to modern standards except by an expenditure which this country cannot face. It affords no local traffic, nor any prospect of it. Its operation is both difficult and costly. Only one feature of this line can be praised—its scenery. And freight traffic does not appreciate scenery.

With two other lines crossing the same territory, both of them built by modern engineering standards, both offering a developing local traffic, neither of them used to over one-third of its capacity, and either one capable of moving double the tonnage with an equal motive power, there is no justification for the further use of this line. I suggest, therefore, that a new limited company be organized, ten per cent. of whose stock should be held by the Minister of Finance, the rest in equal proportions by the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. It would be understood that the stock held by the Minister would not be voted except in case of a complete deadlock. To this new company would be transferred all the lines between Winnipeg, on the west, and Cochrane and Sudbury, on the east. I am not wedded to any given scheme for accomplishing this: details would properly be worked out in conference between the railways and the Government. But if such an arrangement could be effected, it would then be possible to abandon the unprofitable line of the C.P.R. between Sudbury and Fort William (550 odd miles) and, by concentrating on the more efficient mileage, not only to avoid the heavy costs of its maintenance and the possibility of heavy expenditure on its improvement, but also to reap the rich reward of increasing returns due to the concentration of traffic on the remaining lines. The abandoned right-of-way would then be available as a splendid motor road to the West, a project to which Premier Ferguson has already given his cordial approbation.

I take it that the desirability of this rearrangement is proven. But that by no means guarantees that it will be acted on. And so I appeal to Presidents Beatty and Thornton to approach this problem, not from the standpoint of the differential advantage of the bodies they represent, but from a national point of view. Without their heartiest co-operation the project is utterly impossible.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AUSTRIA

BY JOHN ELLINGER

INCORRECT information, desire for gloomy sensation, and perhaps also lack of good-will towards Austria, have recently conspired in representing her condition, which certainly is not free from difficulties, as an imminently perilous one. Now let us see whether Austria is really so near her ruin as certain reports in foreign newspapers seem to imply. Is the attempted financial salvation of Austria to be considered a success or a failure? We cannot say yet that it has been brought to a good issue, because it is not yet completed; but assuredly it is not a failure, its definite result having only been delayed by the great economic crisis of last year.

The vitality of a state, like that of an individual, depends on whether it is capable of producing as much as it consumes. The Geneva Covenant of 1922 tried, above all, to restrict Austria's consumption by laying down a narrow normal state budget, at the same time recommending the Government to increase its revenues by raising taxes and duties. The deficits of 1923 and 1924 were to be covered by an international loan of 130 million dollars, guaranteed by the League of Nations, and, beginning with the year 1925, deficits were to disappear. (This part of the Geneva programme, serving to balance the State Budget, was consistently carried out by the Austrian Government.) But another, and not less important, part of an effectual salvation seems to have been overlooked—the raising of production. The Government has repeatedly declared to the delegates of the League Council that Austria, being shut off from exportation into the Succession States, was in the position of a workman who could not find work. There were two ways to remedy this condition; either Austria must be enabled to export her products in order to pay for her imports, or she must reduce her imports by increasing home production, and so lessen the deficit of her trade balance.

The former alternative being denied her, Austria has attempted the latter process, but it is a very difficult and costly one since it requires a total change of trades and industries for which new means of production and an adequate capital are needed. Water-power works have been built to diminish the importation of coal; some hitherto neglected branches of the textile industry have been brought nearer perfection; and the wholesale manufacture of chemicals has been further developed. But all this has been done quite independently of the salvation programme, which neither provided for a systematic transposition of industry

nor for the funds necessary to accomplish it. The League of Nations considered such interference to be superfluous, since all the neighbouring nations declared themselves ready to make treaties with Austria, by which she would get back part of her former markets. These reassuring promises, however, have never been fulfilled, and what was done in this respect was like a drop on a hot stone. Even the new contract recently concluded with Czecho-Slovakia is not likely to improve our condition essentially. True, it makes an end of an insupportable state of things by reducing the duty on goods to be exported by us; but it comes too late. Two years ago it might have enabled many an Austrian industry to recover a great part of its lost markets. To-day this is made impossible by the fact that Czecho-Slovakia's own industry has meanwhile been developed and refined to a high degree. The same applies to the commercial contracts made with the other Succession States.

What is worse, we are now becoming aware of the failure of all our efforts to improve our trade balance by increased home production. Our industrials are wanting in funds, or can procure them only on conditions that would make their investment unprofitable, the bank-rate being 13 per cent. Now, as there is about a third of the League loan, amounting to 42 million dollars, left unspent, our Government asked the Council of the League last September for permission to use this remainder for investing purposes. The Council partly acceded to this request, allowing 10 million dollars to be spent on productive investments, but this sum is obviously too insignificant to produce any visible change in our industrial stagnation. This stagnation, however, might easily be relieved if the Austrian National Bank could be persuaded to reduce the high bank rate, thus enabling industry to get cheap credits for investments and consequently raise production.

Confirmation of our statements and cause for encouragement will be found in the twenty-fifth monthly report of Dr. Zimmerman, the General Commissary appointed by the League of Nations to control Austrian finances. Dr. Zimmerman, whose impartiality cannot be contested, says: 'The stability of the crown, being the foundation of economic life and national finance, is henceforth so firmly secured that it has allowed the Austrian National Bank to return to the gold standard. From a fiscal point of view, it must be stated that the revenues, in spite of the great crisis, have not diminished in a disquieting way.' Passing over to the

Geneva agreements of last September, he affirms that the manner in which they had been carried out by Government and Parliament shows many a satisfactory feature; that the introduction of the 'shilling' as a new unit testifies to the confidence of the country in its own currency, and that Austria is one of the first countries which, after the depreciation of their currencies, have taken the consequences of the actual state of their money. He regards the compulsory setting up of gold balances as one of the measures necessary for industry to obtain credits more easily, offering as they do a trustworthy basis for the estimate of the inner value of financial operations; and he asserts that the reduction of the corporation tax is likely to remove an essential obstacle of an almost prohibi-

tive character to the influx of foreign capital.

The condition of the Austrian state finance appears to the General Commissary, now as before, as not unsatisfactory. After having pointed to the gratifying fact that the savings deposits in Austria have, during the past two years, risen from 0.3 to 32 million dollars, Dr. Zimmerman concludes his report as follows: 'In a time in which Austria's economic condition is, in many respects, far from bright, and the important question of credits for private industries still remains unsolved, the fact that the Austrian population are beginning again to place their money in public funds bearing fixed interest, and that the taste for economizing is more and more taking root among all their classes, must be regarded as a favourable symptom.'

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

BY T. A. STONE

THE religious problem in France is certainly not a new one—in fact, one could hardly point to a single election since 1875 of which this question has not been one of the vital issues. To understand its social importance, one must recognize these two fundamental facts: that the only religious force in France important enough to be considered is Catholicism, and that if the laical state ideal, which has been pursued most strenuously by practically every Government since 1904, were realized, it would supply the weapon that would pierce the heart of French Catholicism.

For one hundred years prior to 1904 the relations of France to the Vatican, and the internal relations of Church and State, were governed by the Concordat of Napoleon. This was not a religious document, but a diplomatic agreement which provided for the maintenance of a French Ambassador at Rome and a Papal Nuncio at Paris. It defined the Catholic Church as the State Church of France, and it established a co-operative system between the Vatican and the State for the government of the Church generally and for the appointment of all ecclesiastical officers.

The year 1904, however, saw the discontinuance of diplomatic relations, and in 1905 was passed the law of separation of Church and State. Thus was the régime of the Concordat definitely terminated. The ten years from 1904 to 1914 present a history of continuous struggle, the state applying its laical doctrine, the Church stoutly resisting, and, in this resistance, strongly supported by the Vatican. Thus the French Church tended to become denationalized and independent of the political state because of its closer relations with Rome, its spiritual head. Ultramontanism over-

came Gallicanism. The war, of course, changed the aspect of things. The Church, being one of the strongest patriotic forces in France, was of necessity estranged to a certain degree from the Vatican because of the Pope's attitude. In 1918, however, the embassy to the Holy See was again established, but only to be abolished in 1925.

Alsace and Lorraine, of course, have not known this religious problem. The Concordat still reigns supreme in these provinces—a fact which has caused M. Herriot many unhappy moments. They have not known the law of separation, and, under German rule, they have always been in a state of close relationship in all things to the Vatican. Teaching orders in these provinces have never been suppressed, nor have they had to demand authorization. And I mention, in passing, that in 1918 Foch made all sorts of brilliant and wonderful promises to these two provinces regarding the freedom and privileges which they would enjoy, having now returned to the fold.

The Vatican embassy having been abolished, a consul has been appointed to represent Alsace and Lorraine—'Who, with his secretary and two stenographers', says the *Figaro*, 'will make a great showing in Rome!' Thus did M. Herriot attempt to arrange an agreeable compromise, which he explained in the following manner: The Government, in removing the Vatican embassy, is carrying out the republican tradition of a great laical state—a state not anti-religious, but one which recognizes and supports no cults. But still, though the Government feels that the embassy must be removed, it realizes, because of the same great inspirational force—'the great republican tradition'—that it cannot, by a stroke of the pen, enforce in Alsace

and Lorraine those great doctrines which have become the social foundations of the rest of France only after a struggle of fifty years. One of the interesting things about this move of M. Herriot is that Alsace and Lorraine are being given their representative at the Vatican in spite of themselves. With the exception of one or two Socialist deputies from Strasbourg and Metz, the members of the Chamber from these provinces voted *en masse* for the maintenance of the embassy, and, that failing, they voted unanimously against the nomination of a representative to represent their interests only. But they lost both times.

What is the result of this laical policy of the Herriot Government as symbolized by the suppression of the Vatican embassy? Briefly, it seems to me to be hatching more social disintegration than any move that could have been made with that end deliberately in view. However justifiable may be the reasons of politics or party for this step, they can hardly outweigh the social disruption which it entrains. To have introduced a policy which has divided the very soul of France throughout her history, and at a time when her greatest need is internal unity, is inexcusable.

Throughout the country the Catholics are uniting in leagues and covenants for the protection of their faith against an 'Unchristian Government'. The National Catholic Federation is growing in strength each day under the leadership of General de Castelnau, who, it is said, is not a *Maréchal de France* because of his strong religious views. Nor is the opposition to this religious revival resting quiet. At Marseilles, for example, an attempt was made by the anti-religious faction to break up a Catholic meeting held in one of the theatres there. The Mayor of the city, who is a Socialist, called for peace in terms to excite a riot. There was a riot, and two men were killed. And on being questioned on the matter in the Chamber, Socialist deputies replied with defiance: 'You should not taunt us with your Papal humbug in one of our strongest constituencies!' So the struggle goes on, and daily becomes more and more bitter.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Correspondents must confine themselves to 400 words, otherwise the Editors reserve the right to cut. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

CONRAD'S VIEW OF LIFE

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

It is offensive to one who has some reverence for Joseph Conrad to have him scolded as an ineffective poet, a disheartened materialist, a fatalist, a 'spectacularist' (why cannot one be spared unnecessary tricks with a language rich enough in plain bread and butter words?), and a dull fellow who is spiritually a sort of second-hand Hamlet dumped on an island in the Indian Ocean. Surely honest and intelligent criticism requires better care than that. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, I think it was, once said the test of a good critic was found in the question, Can he praise?

Your essayist, Mr. Brooker, finds Mr. Conrad a stranger to 'the august rhythm of things-in-themselves'. Is there a class of 'things-out-of-themselves', or 'things-not-themselves', or any other type of things not to be understood by plain people in plain words? And what, please, is an 'august rhythm'? I confess to a Philistinism which detests obscurity and calls it by hard and ugly names. Whether one be a fatalist or a believer in free-will, an agnostic or the possessor of all truth about 'things-in-themselves', it is ridiculous to ignore the figures in Conrad's books who are not 'black with despair' and who do not 'troop through his pages without raising their heads'.

Let Mr. Brooker think again whether there is not some genuine dignity in the old reprobate Singleton, in the wiry and courageous Captain Allistoun, and in the boyish second officer Creighton, to set off against that curious negro, James Wait, who tries to cheat death all through 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'. Can he not remember a certain blunt unimaginative Captain MacWhirr who drove the 'Nan-Shan' through 'Typhoon', and say if he cringed before Fate? What of old Viola, Gould, the Capataz de Cargadores himself, and Dr. Monygham? They are not the decadent offspring of a materialistic world, whatever else they are. It was no 'outcast of a morally restrained universe' who brought his first command from Bangkok to Singapore with a crew knocked out by tropical fevers as told in 'The Shadow Line'. Mr. Brooker should consider the tribute to the broken steward, Ransome. It is as tender and as rugged as a soldier's tribute to a departing comrade. Does not Mr. Brooker recall the old rover, Peyrol, with a little affection, and a little sense of things in themselves worth more than gold?

I do not know the meaning of 'universality'. I suspect Mr. Brooker would find it hard to define. It is a cheap and commonplace word. But I do know a word called 'reality'. And I do know that many things in Conrad are real with a sincerity of truth that cannot be belittled by catch-penny argument. I rather fancy that a careful reading of the passage Mr. Brooker so dislikes would

bring home to him something more poignant in its irony than is to be found in an attempt to collect all the pictures of human wreckage Conrad painted. I suspect Mr. Brooker might well ponder a little about 'the cruel and absurd contradictions' of an ethical view of the universe, that permits a biased mind to hunt, not for the truth Conrad loved, but for justification for an unsound view.

Yours, etc.,
H. E. MANNING.

Toronto.

LORD SELKIRK

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In the December number of THE CANADIAN FORUM, two articles contained references to Lord Selkirk's work in Canada. In one, on 'The Present Outlook on British Immigration', Lord Selkirk's efforts at colonization are spoken of as being 'the most statesmanlike scheme that Canada has seen'. In the other, an editorial on the corruption of the Montreal law-courts, mention is made of a certain 'Memorial of Thomas, Earl of Selkirk', prepared by a Montreal lawyer, Mr. Gale; and the editorial deplors the fact that the Memorial is not better known 'for it is a thrilling pirates' tale'. And there the reference to Lord Selkirk ends. There have been many volumes of the tale of Lord Selkirk's work in Canada written during the last quarter of a century, but it still remains a fact that his name does not fill the place it deserves in the annals of our country. It is one of the most noble, in tradition and achievement. The romantic story of his early life, his sympathetic, generous nature, and finally his dream of transplanting the poor expatriated clansmen after the Scottish Uprising in 1745 to a home in America, and the success which attended his little colonies in New England and finally the Red River in the North West, all of which efforts were financed from his own wealth, make a wonderfully inspiring story. Is it because he ran counter to the fur-traders and was broken by them—so broken that he died at an early age in 1820—that he has dropped into oblivion? Names of other men with less title to greatness are household words in Canada. Why not Selkirk? His scheme of colonization is the one we find most practical to-day, also his aim to give British soil to British settlers is being revived. It was his colony in the middle west of to-day that held the whole of the west for the Empire. It was his colony there, fifty years ago, that caused the great Canadian Pacific Railway to come into being; and in this age of profiteering and self-seeking, is it not refreshing to find one man who gave all, asking nothing and taking nothing in return for his labour of love and patriotism?

At Wembley last summer, I called the attention of Mr. Frank Lascelles to the fact that any Pageant of Empire, as far as Canada was concerned, was incomplete without the figures of the Selkirk colonists to link up the east and the west of Canada and give a middle pier for the C.P.R. to rest on. He assured me that their difficulty had not been to find historical material, but deciding what should be eliminated. Now that the Wembley Exhibition is a decided event for next summer, I should like to suggest that pressure from the Dominion be brought to bear upon the Committee, should they decide to repeat the Pageant, that they introduce a group to represent Lord Selkirk and his Highland Colonists at the Red River Settlement. Failing that, some recognition of his efforts for Canada and Scotland be given a prominent place in the Canadian building.

Yours, etc.,
KATE M. COOPER.

Westmount, P.Q.

A PLATFORM FOR PROGRESSIVES

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

J. Francis White's article in your last issue entitled 'A Platform for Progressives' invites discussion—hence this letter. I personally feel that Mr. White is to be congratulated for his platform and for his courage in coming out with it.

There is another plank which should be included in such a platform, namely, a revision of our divorce laws; the abolition of the Senate's committee on divorce, and the appointment of a committee, composed of at least as many women as men. At the present time it is all composed of men, and Canada's present method of granting divorce, so far as women are concerned, is unenlightened and brutal. Indeed, the whole method of procedure, which the public is not allowed in on, is more after the style of the old Spanish inquisition than a court of justice. A little publicity on the matter would, I think, arouse public opinion even among those who do not believe in divorce.

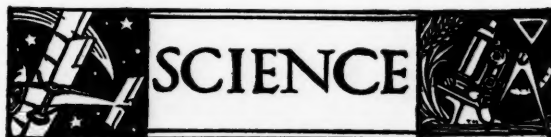
As a lead to further discussion of Mr. White's article, I would like to hear good reasons (other than sentimental ones) why his hypothetical progressive party should favour free trade within the British Empire, but only reciprocal agreements with other countries? Why not free trade on a reciprocal basis all around? (I know all the stock answers.)

If we must have tariff as a revenue-getter, why not impose it in the form of a tax on imported finished products which are made out of our own natural resources? At present we are doing the reverse of what we need or should do. We are exporting raw materials and importing finished products made from them. Why not export both the raw material and finished product? I should think that the progressive party's policy on the question of tariff would be guided by the general principle of encouraging the manufacture of goods which use our own natural resources and, if revenue is necessary, look for it from those industries which do not, by nature, belong here—the sugar industry, for example.

Mr. White describes his article as 'an essay on Idealism'. We see altogether too few of them in Canada. He advocates the education of the Canadian youth for social service as a means of inspiring humanitarianism. Unfortunately, a feeling for humanity, like Plato's virtue, cannot be taught. More humanitarianism is, of course, the answer to all our problems. If Mr. White can find a humanitarian leader who is also wise and fearless, he would, I think, have a large following.

Yours, etc.,
F. B. HOUSSE.

Toronto.



VITAMINS

THERE are present in ordinary foods certain substances now generally known as vitamins.

The older term 'vitamine', suggested only thirteen years ago, was replaced by 'vitamin' some four years since on grounds of chemical terminology. Even 'vitamin' is objected to by some authorities in that it claims a vital significance

which is not monopolized by this class of substance. On the other hand, the suggestion 'accessory food factor' conveys the idea of a subsidiary function and misses the connotation of indispensability inherent in any conception of the nature of the substances in question. For it is only by their indispensability that they are known, and the paradox that they are conspicuous by their absence is particularly apt. A non-committal term, 'food factor A, B, C, etc.', has little to commend it, beyond extending the hope that the number of 'factors' may not exceed the number of letters in the alphabet! But to speak of 'food hormones' is merely highfalutin. On these grounds, and on purely aesthetic ones, the term 'vitamin' is preferred for present purposes.

The development of the 'vitamin theory' has a very long history—a history, indeed, coincident with what are now termed the deficiency diseases beri-beri and scurvy. Beri-beri is a disease endemic especially in China and Japan, and has been known since the earliest times on record. There are various forms of the disease described, but they are all characterized by nervous symptoms, atrophy of the muscles, and generally heart disturbance. Towards the beginning of the last century, the disease attracted the attention of many Anglo-Indian medical men, and later that of many European physicians visiting China and Japan. Until recently there have been two rival views regarding its etiology, the infection view and the dietary view. The infection view scarcely survived the nineteenth century: indeed, there have been few more clear-cut victories of one theory over another than that of the dietary over the infection theory of the cause of beri-beri. It had long been believed by certain groups of people that a white rice diet was responsible for beri-beri, but it was not until a Dutch physician working in Java observed a similar disease amongst fowls, and later applied his findings to a study of the disease in man, that the victory for the dietary view was complete. This worker found that birds fed on rice with the outer coating or pericarp removed developed the disease in a few weeks, whereas birds fed on whole rice did not do so. It is now a well-established fact that the outer coat of the rice grain contains something which prevents or cures this disease of polyneuritis in birds, or beri-beri in man, whilst the polished rice grain is deficient in this particular factor.

Although there is yet some doubt whether polyneuritis of birds is identical with beri-beri in man, the best of evidence has been adduced to show that beri-beri in man is caused by a prolonged diet of too highly milled grain, and that the disease can be cured by furnishing the missing food elements. There is, for example, the classical instance of a certain medical officer to the Japanese navy who,

towards the end of last century, reduced the number of sufferers from beri-beri amongst the sailors ill enough to be reported, from an annual twenty-five to forty per cent. of the entire navy to practically none, through the partial substitution of barley for rice in the sailors' diet. The only part of this experiment which miscarried was the interpretation; for besides barley the officer had put in the diet a certain amount of meat, and it was to this that he erroneously attributed his success.

It is also interesting to note that in 1909 over fifty per cent. of the infants born in the Philippine Islands died within a year from beri-beri. This was a new problem for European physicians who had never seen any trouble of like nature among breast-fed infants. On the children affected, an extract of rice polishings had an almost magical curative effect, and also, the children could be cured by providing an adequate diet to the nursing mothers. In this regard it has now been conclusively shown that at least the anti-beri-beri vitamin of cows' milk varies with the amount in the diet of the cow.

Beri-beri was formerly regarded as a tropical disease. This was purely accidental, as it is mainly people in certain parts of the tropics who are confined to a diet conducive to the development of beri-beri. The disease has now been reported from nearly all parts of the world, but the cause has always been found in a diet of too highly-milled cereals. For a too exclusive diet of highly-milled grain of any kind will result in beri-beri if persisted in. Thus it occurred during the late war amongst the British troops in the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia.

The white bread that is normally consumed is nearly devoid of the anti-beri-beri vitamin, because the bran and germ of the wheat-grain are separated in the milling. Normally, our diet of white bread is supplemented by other foods rich in the vitamin, so that there is little danger of beri-beri occurring. Nevertheless, the advocates of whole-meal bread have considerable reason in their favour, for our widespread dyspepsia and gastro-intestinal troubles may be largely attributable to white flour.

The story of scurvy is very similar to that of beri-beri. It was the scourge of the early sailing days. It cost Vasco de Gama one hundred men out of his crew of one hundred and sixty in rounding Cape Horn. It was also an enemy on land in the Middle Ages, when cattle were killed in the autumn and populations survived the winter mainly on a diet of salted meats. Scurvy was generally rampant by spring, after the long winter diet. It was to overcome this difficulty, indeed, that game-preserving was introduced, so that the lord of the manor could have fresh meats during the winter months. And the cure for scurvy, lemon juice, has

been known for at least two hundred years. Captain Cook received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society because he could maintain his crews in good health during long voyages, and by this means. Yet scurvy played much havoc after these days, although it is to the credit of the British navy that as early as 1804 a regular issue of lemon juice was made compulsory. Before that date there had been thousands of cases reported every year, but after it scurvy was no longer a pest in the navy.

Despite the long history of the two deficiency diseases beri-beri and scurvy, it is true to say that it is well within the last twenty years that an even approximate idea of the nature of vitamins has been obtained. Certainly, until the end of the century, there appears to have been little idea that any substances other than proteins, carbohydrates, fats, salts, and water were necessary to keep the animal organism in perfect health. When the maintenance of animals on these carefully purified substances was actually tried, astonishing results were obtained, and, indeed, are still being obtained. Polyneuritis in birds is now easily produced and as easily prevented or cured. A condition in animals similar to beri-beri in man is equally easily controlled. And so with scurvy. The food-constituent which cures scurvy is known as the anti-scorbutic vitamin, or vitamin C, that which cures beri-beri vitamin B. Vitamin B, or a closely-allied constituent, for which vitamin D has been suggested, is partly responsible for growth in young animals.

There has been very little difference of opinion about the identity and specific character of vitamins B and C, but the so-called vitamin A has been the centre of a cock-pit of controversy! It is a 'fat-soluble' vitamin, in contradistinction to the 'water-soluble' vitamins B and C, and is present in animal, but probably not in vegetable, fats ordinarily used as foods. Its absence from a diet is not followed by any definite and certain symptoms, even after

long periods. There often develops an eye disease generally known as xerophthalmia, but this is not an invariable outcome. This vitamin has also been termed the 'growth factor', the 'anti-rachitic factor', and recently a reproduction factor has been shown to be closely associated with it, although it is now claimed that a separate vitamin controls reproduction. Most of the war amongst vitamin workers, physiologists and medical men, has, however, raged around its reputed anti-rachitic properties. In the history of rickets, almost all conceivable explanations have been advanced to account for this common infantile malady, such as unhygienic conditions, crowded dwellings, lack of exercise and open air, absence of sunlight, and absence of vitamin. And it now appears as if each of these views is in a measure right, for only within the last few months it has been reported that cholesterol, a definite chemical substance, when exposed to sunlight becomes changed in such a way that its administration cures rickets. We have not yet learned if this altered cholesterol promotes growth or cures xerophthalmia, but this new fact will probably clear up the rickets controversy to most people's satisfaction and is sure to shed some light on the mysteries of Vitamin A.

The present so-called 'vitamin theory' must still be regarded as largely hypothetical. It is certain that there are food-constituents of which we yet know little, but which are necessary to maintain health in the animal organism, and the relative amounts of such constituents in different foodstuffs is roughly measurable. To satisfy scientific demands, however, a much more exact knowledge is necessary, both of the vitamins and of the symptoms in animals to which the lack of vitamins in foods gives rise. It is highly probable that the vitamins are definite chemical substances capable of isolation in the pure state, and that at least some of these will be isolated in the near future.

PESTLE.

PORTRAITS AT THE O. S. A.

BY HERBERT H. STANSFIELD

NEWSPAPER criticisms of art exhibitions being necessarily brief and popular too often omit valuable analysis that would help the observer to a sound appreciation. The importance of several of the portraits of the recent exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists calls for a little more detailed criticism than they have received.

With the portrait of Mrs. Vincent Massey and the *Portrait Group*, Mr. Varley has raised his reputation as a portrait painter to a position from which it cannot recede. Easily the greatest portrait

painter of Canada and one of the six leading painters of North America his presence would add lustre to any round dozen of Europe's notable limners of human character. Mr. Varley has in his latest work gone forward to an intensely selective emotional, if somewhat unconventional, appeal. The portrait of Mr. I. H. Cameron (1922), received as it was with small-voiced extravagant praise overwhelmed by a storm of vilification, is at last coming into its own, and is being recognized as a masterly piece of emotional and analytical expression. Fol-

lowing this, the portraits of Dr. Tory and Chancellor Stuart of the University of Alberta, and Dr. McIntyre of Winnipeg, aroused further storms of ignorant criticism. Abuse also has been flung at this portrait of Mrs. Massey, much of which has no claim to serious attention, being based, on the one hand, on friendly desires for a photographic likeness, and, on the other, for more realistic colouring—neither of which are in any sense fundamental bases for criticism or in any way affect this beautiful painting as a work of art. For that it is a work of art of a very high order, I claim emphatically.

In this picture we have a profile view, sinuously and splendidly drawn, seen partly from below. The lighting is designed by the artist to raise his subject into the ambient air, alive and thrilling and surrounding the sitter with an encircling halo. All the subtle modelling of the face is beautifully rendered under one of the most difficult lightings an artist could choose to explore.

'But the eye is so small and pale', says someone.

And we reply, 'Make the eye in this painting as large as life, as strong in colour, and at once the whole picture is out of key; it will come out of that delicate circumambient surrounding, out of the frame, and slump the figure down from the heights in which it is soaring.'

And the mood? No, perhaps you never saw her in just that mood or attitude, but one can quite imagine that an artist, or an understanding friend, may know and treasure the mood therein portrayed—and portrayed so successfully amidst a glory of colour that Hokusai only would have dared, a colour that gives a quiver to the canvas and circles around the sitter in waves of energizing emotion. We become aware of the canvas as space, and must attend to it as such, realizing that we are looking at an interpretation, full of dignity and grandeur, which is at once a symbol and a reality.

Mr. Varley's *Portrait Group*, No. 229, is unconventional, and, until by quiet contemplation one becomes absorbed by its beauties, a little uncomfortable. In reply to a query as to what the mother in the group was leaning on, a lady standing near the picture was heard to remark sarcastically, 'Oh, on a line of composition, of course'. She spoke, however, with more truth than she apprehended, for, while the figure is obviously leaning on the arm of a chair hidden by the small boy in front of her, she is also by her attitude forming a pyramidal shape which, with the edge of the canvas shown on her right (which serves another purpose in throwing the figures back into the picture) surrounds and focusses interest on the close relationship between the mother and her younger son. The older boy is growing up; a little aloof and much less demonstrative, he sits back in the picture, a trifle

abstract, but with unconscious dignity. The triangular formation of the front group is carried backward from the left shoulder of the mother to the top of the older boy's head, and down by the rich cushion on his left to the edge of the picture. These pyramidal forms carry a series of rectangular shapes in the background which, with the bright light of the bit of landscape on the right, give height and atmosphere above the figures, in spite of the fact that the heads are almost touching the frame; this is a task requiring considerable skill in designing, and it is carried out in a masterly manner. I am reminded in a general way of the composition of Fra Filippo Lippi's *Virgin and Child with Saints* in the Louvre. Lippi's is much more symmetrical in arrangement and totally different in subject, with a number of standing figures, but the odd combination of triangular and rectangular forms, the thrusting back of the figures by emphasizing the arcading and the bishops' croziers, has much in common with Mr. Varley's picture which has all the meticulousness of the old masters, combined with a method of handling unknown to them. Anyone who refuses to find these qualities in this essentially modern portrait group has much to learn about 'The Old Masters'.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier's suavities like after-dinner speeches, a trifle boring in their prolixity, continue to emerge from his studio in ordered procession. This time, however, some spirit of the time, or a recrudescence of youth, has made an effort to break through the yoke of tradition, and in Nos. 76 and 77 he has painted the head with all the virility and freshness of a student. No. 76, *Miss Thomas*, is a very agreeable and human portrait, and of Mr. Wyly Grier's four exhibits has the most pleasing arrangement on the canvas. In No. 77, *F. W. Harcourt, Esq., K.C.*, the artist has had a splendid subject and quite enjoyed painting the rugged character of this face with its twinkling eyes and quizzical smile. But the figure is falling out of the canvas, and distressful high lights with no reference to actual shapes, and out of tone with the pleasing flesh colour, spoil an otherwise refreshing work.

In trying to surpass himself in No. 75, he confronts us with a pleasant face which, worried in its high lights, leads us to a most distressful background, teased with lights of the same quality as the face, and of a metallic sheen which is most vexatious. The shadow of the curtain fold flows down into the line of the arm and so into the chair-arm, with no sense of composition, chopping the picture into two unequal parts. This is not counteracted by the heavy cape thrown over the chair as its triangular arrangement emphasizes this line with its apex, at the junction of the arm and the arm of the chair. The light tulle scarf, suggestive



HEPATICAS
A BRUSH DRAWING

of the fripperies of the late 'eighties, is tiresome in its insistence. It destroys the solidity of the sitter and breaks horizontally across the picture by the hollow it creates. The superficial qualities of Mr. Grier's work are very attractive, but unless he can wake up to the need of taking composition seriously and of making a harmonious pattern, he can never be more than a pleasant dilettante painter, occasionally revelling in the sheer handling of paint, but never believing that design and all that it implies is necessary at all.

His backgrounds have no relation to his sitters and are generally bad in colour; he has no psychology, no perception beyond producing an excellent still-life; the life-like character of his portraits is due to the life of the sitters rather than to that of the artist.

The Yellow Scarf by Mr. Kenneth Forbes is an exquisite little work, considered either as a picture or as a piece of decoration, full of feeling, with an understanding of atmosphere and a freedom of painting that only a man absorbed by his subject could produce. But his portraits, while containing much more 'labour', have artistically less than the ephemeral value of a good photograph. It would almost seem that in his endeavour to give his sitters what he thinks they want he has sacrificed his own creative sense on the altar of popular applause. A wonderful knowledge of the handling of paint is shown, a realization of textures and surfaces, and a power to contrast flesh with garments that is astonishing in its quality of mere finished paint; and yet in each portrait these are combined with absurd drawing that would disgrace a second year life-class student, with a slurring of the edges of paint that can only be called slovenly.

That Mr. Forbes can draw is evidenced by the face of No. 54. Yet I cannot but think that a lady of so patrician a countenance, and of such exquisitely modelled features, should not be drawn with such hard edges. No sitter with such features, with so delicate a neck and shoulders, can have lineaments so lacking in sensitiveness and sensibility; and to choose so ill-fitting a background to the green dress, and to paint the dress with so little relation to the form of the sitter and the colour of the background, with no sense of atmosphere to enshrine the whole; and to place chair and sitter and line of background drapery so badly upon the canvas that the whole is falling through the lower frame, is to invite criticism and a punishment that all artists must receive if they imagine they can, with impunity, be so traitorous to their art. If Mr. Forbes thinks drawing so important, as every other detail, contradictorily, would seem to say he does, why splash the jewellery about as mere splotches of paint with no other interest in their composition

than a blob to catch a high light unlike the adornments, so exquisitely drawn, that beautify some of Holbein's portraits. Mr. Forbes 'imagines a vain thing' if he thinks the faces in his portraits gain in contrast to such blobs as he has given us to represent jewellery.

Miss Dorothy Vicaji's portrait of the *Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden* is a pleasing, if thinly painted, delineation of the more genial aspect of a strong personality. Well placed upon the canvas, face and hands well drawn, this is a picture that is sure to be popular; but, with its neglected background, its scamped painting of the clothing, and its weak modelling in the transitions from light to dark in the flesh tones, it suffers terribly in contrast with the superb strength of the masterly sketch of the same sitter by Augustus John, which we had here a short time ago. Its freshness, however, would make us almost forgive the artist for the chocolate-box-like convention shown in No. 231, which is a glaring example of an artist's strained endeavour to live up to her reputation as a 'society' painter.

One always expects clever work from Dorothy Stevens, such as her exhibit No. 216; but it is much too hot and uncomfortable, and lacks those nuances of transition through its greys that this artist does know and understand; and we regret her neglect of drawing in the beautiful shoulder, arm, and hand which is thrust upon us in the picture. Miss Stevens has lost a magnificent opportunity to give us the thrill of the year by painting an atmospheric accompaniment to such a striking model, instead of a pyrotechnic display which is merely annoying.

One would like to encourage the brothers MacGregor, two newcomers to Toronto, and Mr. D. Kando, a Japanese student who has just finished a course of study at the Ontario College of Art. Charles MacGregor's representation of a typically shrewd Scotch face is very clever painting and full of characterization. His other picture, No. 146, is not so good and is atrociously out of drawing. Mr. F. W. MacGregor's *Meditation* and *Memories*, while slight in form and idea, have very pleasing qualities and engaging harmonies in dull grey. If Mr. MacGregor can put this feeling with more intense drawing and design into a more ambitious idea, we may look forward with interest to a production of which these slight exhibits are an incipient promise. D. Kando's portrait, No. 111, is a sound, well-painted, and interesting example of western training grafted on to Japanese traditions and shows a curious and pleasing union of the two qualities. Whether the 'twain shall meet' or no, this picture shows the effect of eastern reaction to western ideas and an acceptance not usually expected from an oriental race.

THESE PREJUDICES SUPERMEN

THERE is certainly a place for blind prejudices. They serve to give us a jumping-off ground for lively battles, which, though utterly futile, help to pass the time pleasantly enough. Peasants and supermen are Poles apart. But what some feel against peasants, I feel against supermen. They would be intolerable to live amongst, and are most irritating in books. I distrust the date 2015 as some dislike the flavour of cabbage, boiled or raw. The manners and customs of Utopians never interest me. They have always worn odd clothes since Bible days, and they live in such beautifully polished houses that I cannot but wonder what race of helots does their dirty work.

The men who pull the wires of these strange beings always ignore the chief troubles in human life which are neither poverty nor ignorance (both of course non-existent in any man's Utopia). The inconvenience of having a home as well as a business, the discomfort of wanting a home and a business, the necessity of cleaning things, the impossibility of being in two places at once, the annoyance of not possessing two cars, the stupidity of other people and their almost universal lack of consideration for oneself, these are the main sources of trouble, and no Utopian scheme has dealt with them at all. So what in humanity's name is the sense of reading Utopias? They are all alike in evading difficulties.

The only Utopias which succeed in reaching me are W. H. Hudson's and Bernard Shaw's, and even these will not bear any too close contemplation. Hudson's is beautiful because he is intensely aware of the beauty of life as it may exist now, whereas H. G. Wells' is ugly because real life is to him essentially ugly. In the same way it is Shaw's zest for ordinary life which gives such vitality to his picture of life in 31920. Everyone else gives a sort of synthetic substitute for life, so unreal that it fails altogether to arouse our interest.

So, with the necessary exceptions, let us hope that we may be delivered from Utopias even as others pray to hear no more of the peasant. Let us be thankful too that we are not likely to meet supermen in the flesh lest we be driven to murder, like Charles Lamb's Spaniard who 'attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the king.

... The cause which to that act compell'd him
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.'
The inventor of a Utopia has nothing in common

with a dreamer of dreams—in fact he is his very antithesis. Each finds his escape from the immediate, but in what different ways! You have only to think of Coleridge, or Keats, or Masfield to realize this. Visions of beauty and adventure, opium-dreams, nightingale-inspired raptures will never lead to Utopia, and castles in the air will never harbour supermen. For the romantic builds his city with his whole soul, and the result is a delirious riot of sense and experience, inconsequent often and illogical, but satisfying the man's craving for beauty and love, and the boy's for fun and adventure.

So Sard Harker comes into being, boisterous, impossible, ridiculous, but alive with elementary desires; non-moral as a dream, quite innocent of psychological intent, holding the reader by its vigorous excitement, shaped by an inner impulse which carries the adventure swiftly through to the obvious conclusion, obeying the laws of melodrama implicitly. If we enjoy the speed and dash of a tale like this, the odds are that our imperfect sympathies will make us resent the static perfections of the Golden City.

'O lead us up and lead us through,
But lead us not too high;
For if we get to heaven too soon,
Why then we'll have to die.'—*Old Ballad*.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

ANNIVERSARY

BY H. K. GORDON

'Twas at the dawning I awoke
To find her at my side,
Standing there gentle-eyed—
A woman known though not bespoke
For paramour or bride.
And storm-wet was her cloke.

Amazed, I asked, 'Why come you here?'
'To you', she slowly said;
And bowing down her head,
'Take me because you are my dear
And she you love has wed
This night another fere.'

And so because my arms were lone,
Though she was little fair
And unloved sought me there,
I held her for a while my own,
A counterfeit for her
Whose loss she did atone.

Now with the year's slow turning by
Is come that night again.
Out of the mist and rain,
Not her for whom I used to sigh—
The other of the twain
I'd joy to know was nigh.



BOOKS ON MUSIC

MUSIC, by Sir W. H. Hadow (Williams & Norgate, Home University Library; pp. viii, 256; 60c).

THE MARGIN OF MUSIC, by Edwin Evans (Oxford; pp. 71; \$1.25).

THE NEW MUSIC, by George Dyson (Oxford; pp. 152; \$2.50).

THE Home University Library attains the ideal of *multum in parvo* by its wise selection of authors, for one must have a very wide knowledge of a subject to give a well condensed account of it. It is truly surprising what a wealth of information Sir Henry Hadow has been able to pack into his small volume, and how readable he has contrived to make it. No book since Parry's *Summary* sets forth so satisfactorily in tabloid form the facts of musical history, and this little volume will make a more general appeal, besides being more up-to-date. Some of the analogies drawn by the author—such as that between Psalm and Fugue, and between Shakesperian drama and Sonata—explain more effectively than many pages of technical detail the mysteries of musical form. There is perhaps a lack of proportion in parts of the book; as Mr. Ernest Newman has already pointed out, some composers with whom the author is not in sympathy are dismissed rather summarily. Like Parry, Sir Henry is not entirely free from a Teutonic bias, but when we have mentioned this, and also the somewhat inadequate treatment of the rhythmic side of music (particularly with regard to plain-song and sixteenth century choral music), we have said practically all that we can in the way of criticism.

The Teutonic bias is certainly not evident in Mr. Evans' entertaining essays. Indeed, in the one entitled 'North and South', he perhaps goes rather too far in the opposite direction, seeming to imply at times that German music is rarely, if ever, cheerful. However, it does one no harm to be reminded that solemnity is not always a virtue, nor that it necessarily implies depth. We can recommend this volume to any reader if only on account of the trenchant little essay on 'Taste'. Taste, we are reminded, has an original meaning which is too often forgotten—the meaning it has for us at the dinner-table. This meaning is overlooked in 'the attempts, so popular to-day, to inculcate musical taste by means of a kind of musical trigonometry. Again:

It is perhaps necessary to add that few men are born gourmets. The palate has usually to be educated. There appears to be a current belief that the best way

of educating the musical palate is to take its owner into the musical kitchen. . . . But taste is formed by tasting, not by observing the chef.

The essay on 'Melody' clears up a good deal of confusion:

The only tenable definition of melody [we are told] is a succession of single notes so arranged that their mutual relations are those to which the ear is accustomed. . . . The application of this varies, of course, with the individual. One ear may be familiar only with the very simplest of patterns, and another with an extensive vocabulary. But when the man in the street claims that there is melody in his favourite ballad, and the concert-goer emphasizes the wealth of melody he finds in Wagner, both are virtually saying the same thing, the difference being chiefly in their respective accumulated memories.

None of these essays should fail to appeal to the non-professional music-lover (unless it be No. 9, which deals with a technical question), and if the author's opinions are not always in accord with the reader's, so much the better for both.

Dr. Dyson gives us a definition of melody which for all practical purposes is the same as Mr. Evans'. 'Melody is, quite literally, song. The more difficult it is to sing a phrase, either actually or imaginatively, the less it partakes of the essential nature of melody, or as some would say, of music.' Of course as new tonal relationships become more and more familiar to the ear of the listener, the melodies built thereon become more singable; what is unsingable to one generation may be the merest conventional figure to another. This is a platitude the truth of which Dr. Dyson would be the first to admit. His book is no piece of vague verbalism, such as that of some writers who talk about modern music as of the 'snark' and the 'boojum'. On the contrary, it is a thoughtful examination, written in a clear, almost epigrammatic style, of the various features which distinguish the music characteristic of the present day from that of the past, and of the conditions which bring that music into being. The writer sees in the developments of the past two centuries an anti-melodic tendency.

Up to and including Bach [he says] it may be said that the evolution of serious music obeyed two related laws; namely, that music is melody, and that two melodies are better than one. From this logic his successors receded. They gradually learned to distil their melodic gifts into a single line. . . . Many of the critical failures of the nineteenth century were due to the way in which the prestige of Haydn and Mozart had deceived men into thinking that the versifying of a melody was as important as the æsthetic quality of it. The melody of Bach was in this matter like the melody of Shakespeare's blank verse. The melody of Mozart is the Shakespearean lyric. There can be no dispute concerning the supreme value of both. Danger lies in the circumstance that a superficial mind can sometimes disguise its poverty by clever versifying. It is more difficult to hide the poverty of bad blank verse.

It is difficult to select for quotation passages from this remarkably concise and well-written study; it is equally difficult to refrain from quotation. Suffice it

to say that Dr. Dyson has gone thoroughly into his subject, weighing pros and cons before writing each line. The book is highly stimulating; if we complain that it is not always conclusive, we are reminded of the mathematician who criticised *Paradise Lost* because it proved nothing. As a whole it is quite the most interesting study of modern developments that we have read. This is, we understand, Dr. Dyson's first book; we shall lose no time in acquiring any further productions that may come from his able pen.

ERNEST MACMILLAN.

A THINKER IN POLITICS

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY. AN APPRECIATION AND SOME REMINISCENCES, by John H. Morgan (Thomas Allen; pp. xii, 215; \$3.00).

OF THE seven chapters which make up this book, three, dealing with Lord Morley's works, were published during his life time, and two of the three chapters of reminiscences have already appeared in the *Quarterly*. Their re-publication together with a small amount of strictly new material is very well worth while, for the author, one of the inner circle of Lord Morley's friends, has unusual qualifications for dealing with his subject. His obvious desire is to hold the balance fairly, and his first-hand acquaintance with the men and the problems that had chiefly engaged Morley's attention fit him for his task in a very unusual degree.

Mr. Morgan's book is readable and interesting, and in some measure it may be said that it supplements what has previously been written. To those, indeed, who are accustomed to think of motive and character as simple, as all of one piece, it may even seem iconoclastic. The picture of the lofty idealist and stern moralist is shaded down in many ways. 'This man was noble', Mr. Morgan declares. 'Of him it may be said, as was said of Cromwell, "A larger soul hath seldom dwelt in house of clay".' But even large souls may seem self-contradictory—not easily to be understood.

The apostle of no compromise in opinion, he was more often than not all for compromise in action; an intellectual in the best sense of the word, he distrusted idealists and hated ideologues; a pacifist, he had no words too profane for the ark of that covenant which men call the League of Nations; disliking violence as only another form of cruelty, he had no faith whatsoever in the schemes of men to make war impossible; a rationalist, it is true, he was none the less at heart profoundly a mystic.

The preacher of sweet reasonableness loved power, and was a most autocratic Secretary of State for India. He attached much importance (this is a body blow for his admirers) to questions of personal precedence!

The most interesting pages in Mr. Morgan's vol-

ume are those which show us Morley as a type of the thinker in politics. Like many other men of contemplation, he had always been inclined to rate very highly the role of men of action, and never questioned the legitimacy of the distinction between the two types. Accordingly, when he became a member of the Cabinet he was conscious of having entered a higher sphere than that inhabited by men of letters. In this connection Mr. Morgan gives us a delightful story:

When Lord Morley became Lord President of the Council, and was asked by Mr. Thomas Hardy at a luncheon party in Downing Street what books he had been reading lately he was met with the lofty reply, 'I never read anything'. At that moment Lord Morley the politician had John Morley the man of letters under strict lock and key. He was keeping up the appearance of a man of action. Mr. Hardy's gently ironic comment is too good to be lost—I hope he will forgive me for repeating it: 'He seemed to draw an invisible ermine about him as though he were a sporting peer who never read anything but the Pink 'Un'.

Such 'patrician moods', however, were not sufficiently abiding to simplify for him the problem of the man who sees both sides of a question. Regarding Ireland, for instance, he could hold that 'It's we who are responsible. She has been so infernally bedevilled by us that no Englishman can cast a stone at her'; regarding Irishmen he could say that they are a people who cannot live without a grievance—'there is something wayward, diabolical, in them'. The explanation of his attitude to the Great War is to be found here, at least in large measure. He believed that Russia was the principal aggressor, he believed that Grey, Asquith, and Haldane had not dealt candidly with their colleagues in the years immediately preceding the crisis, but his reiterated attempts to exculpate himself from 'complicity' betrayed the uneasiness of a man who had halted between two opinions, who had been almost morbidly conscious of his responsibility in shaping foreign policy.

Substantially, however, Morley remains as we have known him. An agnostic, he had deep admiration for true religion, and felt the charm of Newman to such a degree that he could say that, if he had been at Oxford at the time of the Oxford Movement, he thought he should have joined him. Positivist in all his thinking, he was always aware of the mystery of life. He hated cruelty—to men or animals—and hypocrisy and selfishness. But hatred played a small part in his life. Mr. Morgan says that the keynote of his character was compassion. However we may estimate his achievements as statesman or man of letters, it is for his character that men will remember him, and few will doubt that he will always be accounted a great Englishman who raised both our literature and our politics to higher levels.

M. W. WALLACE.

TIBET

TIBET, PAST AND PRESENT, by Sir Charles Bell (Oxford, Clarendon Press; pp. xiv, 326; \$6.00).

THE word Tibet is enough by itself to stir the depths of the mind; if we add Lhasa and Dalai Lama and Tashi-Lama and other unique features, we can make a collection of magic symbols which would be cheap at any price. The sense of mystery may not be able to survive too much knowledge, but if we sacrifice something of our shuddering awe, we gain a sound appreciation of a remarkable people. Sir Charles Bell probably deserves to be called the greatest interpreter of Tibetan culture. As a government official, he was in the confidence of British and Tibetan officials; as a student of the language and customs and beliefs of the Tibetans, he not only had a direct knowledge of the people, but cultivated genuine friendships with those shrewd thinkers whom a people of this type always produces—though the foreigner rarely discovers them or knows enough to penetrate their protective disguises.

To reproduce even a fraction of the interesting material in this book would more than exhaust the space allowed for this notice. Let it be granted then that Tibet has a climate, a population, and a past. On these subjects Sir Charles Bell gives all the necessary information in the first sixty pages. The modern aspects of the Tibetan situation are rightly given the most attention. Internally, the country has changed little, except perhaps for the important movement from a military to a religious attitude, for the spread of Buddhism seems to have definitely checked the growth of the war-like element. This may appear to be a progress in the right direction, but it makes more acute the problem of defence, and this is of paramount importance, because Tibet is equally open to control by Russia, China, and the Government of India. In world-politics the issue lies between China and India. China has the material strength and also, to some extent, the greater moral influence. But while Tibet has more affinity with the Mongolian East than with India, it also has more cause to fear that Chinese influence would be autocratic and permanent. So long as the British military power offers adequate protection and shows no inclination to be aggressive, the obvious policy of the Tibetan ruler is to remain a buffer state and enjoy the advantage of an independent existence. With this delicate poise there are associated many questions concerning the adjacent territories of Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim. In the politics of the East, these minor states play a part not unlike that of the Balkan States in Europe, a remark which will perhaps suffice to suggest their peculiar significance.

As a piece of book-making this volume deserves the highest commendation. The greatest judgment

has been shown in the selection of material for the text. The illustrations present places, peoples, samples of art, and other incidental features in photographs both plain and colored which are a delight to the eye. Nothing is more impressive than the simple dedication 'To His Holiness the Dalai Lama in memory of a long friendship'. That a British diplomatic officer can give so much evidence of a long and true friendship between himself and the sacred ruler of the Forbidden Land is a fact to be remembered.

TUDOR HISTORY

TUDOR STUDIES, edited by R. W. Seton-Watson (Longmans, pp. vii, 319; \$5.00).

THIS volume contains twelve more or less technical studies in Tudor history, written by colleagues and old pupils, and presented to Professor A. F. Pollard of the University of London to commemorate his twelve-years tenure of the chairmanship of the Board of Historical Studies in that University. Professor Pollard is deservedly honoured, and that in a singularly suitable manner. Under his fostering care, London has taken its place beside Manchester as one of the greatest schools of historical research in England, and Professor Pollard has in this connection the assurance that, in the development of historical research, and in bringing English scholarship into the light of favourable comparison with French and German, he has obtained with Professor Tout the grateful thanks of all historians.

The essays vary in value and presentation. By far the most outstanding are those by Mr. T. F. T. Plunknett on the Lancastrian Constitution and Mr. J. E. Neale on parliamentary freedom of speech under the Tudors. In these, some obscure points are illuminated and the general consensus of historical opinion confirmed. Mr. J. W. Allen writes with insight and suggestiveness on the political conceptions of Luther. Mr. Claude Jenkins contributes a delightful paper on Morton's Register. Mr. E. R. Adair writes with distinction on his acknowledged field—the Council. The other essays do not call for much comment. Miss Skeel and Miss Reid do not add much to their previous work on the Marches and the North, nor does Professor Hearnshaw throw much light on Bodin. Professor Newton has chosen a ponderous subject—'Reforms in the Royal Household'—but he lacks the lightness of touch necessary to inspire interest. On the whole, however, the collection was well worth making. Its appearance may perhaps best be valued in symptomatic terms. It is a highly significant event in English historical scholarship, pointing to a growing appreciation of the essential necessity for research in historical work, and honouring a teacher whose own work has frequently been sacri-

ficed in the interests of a school of history which he has lived to see, under his zeal and guidance, acquire an international reputation. *Ad multos annos.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Gwen John (Small, Maynard; pp. 188; \$1.35).

We can confidently recommend this little book to the general reader. It does much to reveal the personal character of a great and creative monarch and throws more intimate light on the workings of her policy than is found in the more political biography of Creighton. The author is doubtless not an expert in the sources of Tudor history, and the professional historian and student will find nothing new or startling in the book, but all will do well to read it. The author writes with charm, distinction, and a good deal of insight and has succeeded in so balancing the general history of the reign with the personal history of the Queen as to give the book an excellent sense of proportion. In other words, the author has avoided the snare of using the biographical peg on which to hang the wider history of the period. The format of the book is first-class. It deserves a wide public.

SUN, MOON AND STARS

THE MILITARY USES OF ASTRONOMY, by F. C. Molesworth (Longmans; pp. xi, 122; \$1.25).

A PARTY of six men beginning a course in scouting were marched in broad sunlight about 10 o'clock to a small hill in an open stretch of country and asked separately to point to the south; three of them failed hopelessly, one even pointing nearly due west. It is true that they were by upbringing men of the city, but this hardly makes the fact less striking.

Major Molesworth's book is intended to make such episodes impossible, and it may be said at once that those who seriously study its descriptions of celestial phenomena and attempt to apply them in practice will be immune not only to these great uncertainties but to most lesser ones as well.

The twelve short chapters deal with the different heavenly bodies and their military effect and uses, and with only the simplest and most obvious mathematical calculations: the essential formulæ could easily be transcribed into the Field Service Pocket Book. The graphic diagrams of time of sunrise and sunset are useful, as well as those for sun-bearing and sun-altitude, which can be used in conjunction with a compass for determining the time of day. The chapter on the moon should remove the reluctance that many feel for utilizing this object as a guide to time or direction.

The stars in their military aspects are described in three chapters. The chief constellations are shown in two plates; the addition of Cygnus and of the Great Square of Pegasus to that of the Northern Hemisphere would enhance its value, not only because these

are two fine groups, but because they both contain useful pointers, by which the north may often be determined when the sky is partly overcast and the more usual pointers are obscured. The method of telling time from the relative positions of the Great Bear and the Polestar is well worked out, and night-marching by stars is reduced to its simplest terms.

The information contained in this book might well become part of the equipment of all those whose work or pleasure takes them into unmapped areas; hunters, for instance, whose wanderings in the bush are from time to time reported in the papers, would have at least greatly increased chances of rejoining their comrades quickly if they knew how to call to their help the sun, moon, and stars.

TALES OF ESTONIA

THE WHITE SHIP, by Aino Kallas, translated from the Finnish by Alex Matson (Jonathan Cape; pp. 256; 7/6).

A VOLUME of short stories about the Estonians which recalls the vogue that Estonia and other small nations enjoyed immediately after the war. It is encouraging to learn from Madame Kallas' preface that 'the present Estonia is a flourishing Republic, acknowledged *de jure* by all the leading nations and a member of the League of Nations', that 'its finances are in order, its exchange stabilized, its export continually increasing', and this after seven centuries of slavery to Finn, Russian, Swede, and German. The tales are founded for the most part on episodes culled rather from Estonia's gloomy past than from its cheerful present. Their background is a bleak and barren land, 'sun-baked, unworked pasturage', peopled with a crushed and spiritless peasantry, huddled under blackened and delapidated roofs of straw. In the first two or three, one is keenly alive to the effectiveness of Madame Kallas' lucid and vigorous style, to the atmosphere produced by her medieval simplicity of manner, to the clarity with which a strange and primitive people are portrayed. Then the gloom of the unending procession of tortured souls and racked bodies, leaden tongues and humble spirits, through this arid land pall. One longs for the Duc de Something's Memoirs of an effete and sophisticated race, for the sting of a delicate and mocking wit, for the *mot juste*, for the fragrance of formal gardens and silken walls—*Vive l'aristocrate!*

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A PROFESSOR'S ROMANCE

MY DEAR CORNELIA, by Stuart P. Sherman (Atlantic Monthly Press; pp. 281; \$2.50).

MR. SHERMAN nearly took us in. We had heard of him as a literary professor from the Middle West, and as this volume is largely a personal record of conversations between a literary don from the corn country and the lady of his admiration, we read ourselves well into it before we began to doubt our natural belief that we were receiving Mr. Sherman's own conclusions on literature and life. The opening duologue on contemporary fiction and its challenge to the idea of chastity seemed just what one would expect from a Hoosier intellectual and a New England matron of impeccable niceness: it was only when we found our professor slaving through a whole chapter to produce one compliment for his marble idol that we began to suspect that here, perhaps, was a satire on professors—conservative and sentimental professors—a satire well conceived and subtly executed with consummate art by one who knew his subject to the bottom of its simple soul. And a satire, too, on Cornelias—those well-bred women we have all met, who appear at first sight so agreeably distinguished in contrast to their rivals of the new plutocracy, but who reveal on acquaintance only the stereotyped virtues of gentility instead of the fresh originality of the aristocrat.

The professor is a touching figure. He has admired Cornelia ever since she repulsed him twenty years before to marry money and position. Always he follows his dear lady with the pathetic devotion of the *cavaliere servente*. He follows her to the country, and on their walks is 'careful to fall a step to the rear, where he can consider with more detachment how, like a dryad, she expresses and completes the woodland vista'. And Cornelia, after encouraging his flattery throughout a long afternoon's walk, does not even ask the poor devil to share her tea when they reach her bungalow exhausted at five o'clock. To New York in midwinter he follows her—and has to spend the entire night discussing prohibition with her sophisticated husband. To California he follows her (and in confiding to his readers how a don can get his expenses paid anywhere in the United States if he will only consent to 'read a paper', he is exquisitely and academically coy); and when he arrives there Cornelia walks him for miles across a snake-infested mesa to see a flaming sunset from the cliffs, tells him in the intoxicating dusk of a languorous evening that all is over between herself and her husband, and places her hand in his. But when the palpitating wretch declares the love that has been starved for twenty years, her hand is gently withdrawn and she informs him that she has found the ultimate comfort in religion and intends to hold on to it. 'I

shall live in my blessed mood, in my secret garden', says Cornelia complacently, 'and I shall be happy again, perfectly happy'—and then arranges that her professor is to stay with her for two weeks and tutor her children. Yes, as a satire this is inimitable. It is so good that we sometimes wonder if it is indeed a conscious satire . . . after all, we don't know Mr. Sherman well enough to be sure.

BARREN LEAVES

THESE BARREN LEAVES, by Aldous Huxley (Chatto and Windus; pp. 379; \$2.50).

THIS novel is about twice the size of *Chrome Yellow* or *Antic Hay*, and about half as entertaining. Indeed, the lively parts are in danger of being quite overlooked amidst the surrounding drab. The staple of the plot is a multitude of love affairs—or, to be more precise, connections between persons of opposite sexes. Seven in all, they range all the way from young romance to the attempt of an elderly roué to marry a moron for her money—from the insipid to the unspeakably revolting—but of love, as understood by human beings, not a glimpse. In spite of his preoccupation with the subject, Mr. Huxley seems profoundly ignorant of its essence.

Mary Thirplow, the meretricious bluestocking, and Mrs. Aldwinkle, the heavy-handed priestess of all the arts, are created with consummate cleverness. Yet their perfection gives no delight; rather it reveals the secret source of that dreariness which pervades the whole. They are drawn with the most venomous dislike; their creator has not so much understood them as found them out and shown them up. The opportunism, the artistic pose without artistic conscience, the shallow introspection, the intellectual snobbery, rouse an irritated response when he discerns them in Mary and Mrs. Aldwinkle. He hates them because, as he informs us in a particularly platitudinous passage, 'he is like that too'.

A NEW CATULLUS

CATULLUS, translated by Sir William Marris (Oxford; \$1.35).

SIR WILLIAM MARRIS has followed up his translation of Horace with this neat little pocket volume, in which the English version faces the original Latin. It is a volume which will be welcome to those whose Latin is a little misty. The readings are on the whole neat and keep close to the original; and the text is complete except for a few poems which are certainly best omitted. But the magic of some of Catullus' lines cannot be captured in any English version that we have seen. It seems as if scholars are right in insisting that the language of Burns is the most appropriate vehicle for the Latin of Catullus; and while isolated poems have been translated with

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JAMES W. MORRICE—CANADIAN PAINTER	- - -	By A. H. S. Gillson
FRESH LIGHT ON WAR ORIGINS	- - - - -	By Harry Elmer Barnes
ARE THE NORDICS A SUPERIOR RACE?	- - - - -	By Edward Sapir

true grace and feeling by Calverley, Langhorne, and others, perhaps the best version of any of his poems yet published is the anonymous rendering in Scots of the third poem, included in the Oxford Book of Latin Verse. It gives the English reader a truer idea of Catullus than any other rendering we have seen:

Weep, weep, ye Loves and Cupids all,
And ilka Man o' decent feelin';
My lassie's lost her wee, wee bird,
And that's a loss, ye'll ken, past healin'.

The wee thing's gane the shadowy road
That's never travelled back by ony:
Out on ye, Shades! ye're greedy aye
To grab at aught that's brave and bonny.

But a version of the entire poems of Catullus up to so high a standard as this is more than we can expect: and we are grateful for Sir William Marris's renderings, which, if they cannot achieve the impossible, are at least scholarly and faithful.

SHORT NOTICES

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A CRITICAL STUDY, by George Brandes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 721; \$4.25).

RICHARD QUYNLY, by Edgar I. Fripp (Oxford; pp. 215; \$3.00).

The first of these books, a reprint of a work previously published, is more impressive in bulk than in significance. It is compounded of some well-worn and old-established commonplaces, a certain element of bold conjecture—introduced by 'must have been' and 'evidently was', but otherwise unsupported—and lengthy synopses of all the plays and poems. It has little to offer to cultivated English readers.

Richard Quynly is a careful and interesting re-handling of the records and documents relating to Shakespeare's life, together with some freshly edited material concerning Richard Quynly, the poet's son-in-law and bailiff of Stratford-on-Avon. It is carried out with scholarly exactness, but in a very lively style, and abounds in the details which make social history live. In the course of the investigations the author several times has occasion to correct the assumptions of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Sir Sidney Lee as to points in Shakespeare's biography. It is both a useful and a stimulating book.

THE APPRAISAL OF REAL ESTATE, by Frederick M. Babcock (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 380; \$4.20).

This is the third volume in a standard course in real estate outlined by a joint commission representing the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the United Y.M.C.A. Schools, and the Institute for Research in Land Economics and Public Utilities. A scientific and clearly written treatment of the subject, which will be of value to assessors, loan and mortgage companies, real estate dealers, and others whose duties involve the ascertaining of real estate values.



THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN, by William Henry Moore (Printers Guild, Toronto; pp. xxiii, 197; \$1.50).

IT has been well said by Remy de Gourmont that whatever is deeply thought is well written; but it might be added that what is intensely felt may be ineffectually expressed. *The Commandments of Men* is distinguished by the violence of its author's prejudices rather than by any clarity of thought, and its appeal is addressed to that considerable class which is easily swayed by sentiment, but is impervious to logic. Mr. Moore, who appears to be temperamentally an obscurantist, has given much of his space to the development of an amazing 'group' hypothesis. His definition of the 'group' is sufficiently generous to include the I.W.W., the Methodist Church, the W.C.T.U., and the Communist party, but he sees these diverse societies as one in their capacity for coercion. In style, he tends to over-elaboration rather than simplicity, and certain rococo phrases, such as 'the gods of ink and vapour', are displayed with wearisome repetition. A writer's style is his own business, but in a thesis that demands clean, sharp definition floridity may be a serious defect.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS, by Henry Fairfield Osborne (Scribners; pp. 216; \$2.50).

Such books are of little value other than as advertising agents for the authors. The sketches given here are incomplete, uncritical, and mixed with a sentiment that puts us on our guard. The term 'great' has a questionable application to several of the subjects and even 'naturalist' is stretched for personal ends.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD, by F. W. Westaway (Blackie & Son; 3rd ed., pp. 456; 10/6).

This book has presumably reached its third edition as other people have, like us, been deceived by the title. We have sought in vain for any 'scientific method' in the composition of the book and in the dots—we shall not call them 'lines'—of thought. All in the same breath in the last 40 pages of the book the titles of the chapters are as follows:

The Cause of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Is Pope's Verdict of Bacon Justified?
Is there a criterion of Excellence in Aesthetic?
The Relativity of Simultaneity.
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Verily, we had not thought the realms of human knowledge bordering thus!

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By the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

("Woodbine Willie")

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THE NIGHTINGALE

THE LIFE OF CHOPIN

By Miss Marjory C. Strachey

Miss Strachey is a sister of Lytton Strachey, author of the famous biography of Queen Victoria. Written in the style of Andre Maurois' "Ariel", her book is a graphic and delightful instance of the biographic novel.

Chopin's letters, which were supposed to have been destroyed,

have recently come to light, and have been fully used in this book. The evidence with regard to George Sand has been particularly sifted and, along with other data, has been used to give a romantic and novel-like touch to this life of Chopin. Frontispiece and cover are from a portrait of Chopin by George Sand. \$2.25.

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A FEW weeks ago, Oliver M. Sayler, who is one of the leading American authorities on the drama and actors of Russia, paid a brief visit to Toronto. He was not lecturing or giving interviews and delivering addresses to those organizations where men gather to gobble a lunch, taste a personality, and gather a few badly-assorted scraps of general information. Mr. Sayler paid a call or two, and passed on his way without even asking his newspaper acquaintances to record the fact that he had visited Canada and was the author of *The Russian Theatre*.

Early in the winter, Sayler spent several weeks in Russia. Unlike most travellers who have put a foot inside Soviet territory, he was not eager to give either an unconvincingly rosy or an unbelievably blood-stained impression of the new experiment in government. There was only one thing that he seemed anxious to talk about, and that was the newest artistic experiment made by the Russians, the 'Music Studio' of the Moscow Art Theatre. He declared the Music Studio to be the most unique organization in the world of music—the supreme example of what can be accomplished by perfect ensemble in opera, just as the Moscow Art Theatre showed the perfection to which ensemble can be brought in drama.

The Russians have no secret that is instinctive or national. The actors and singers of other countries could give performances like the Art Theatre and the Music Studio if they went about it with the devotion of the Slavs. The aim of Stanislavsky in the Art Theatre was to secure realism, by which he meant something more nearly an imitation of life than the realism with which we are acquainted on our stage. He had great actors to work with, men who could play with stark sincerity, and the story has been told many times of how they rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed until, at last, every player in each drama was actually living his part.

By a similar expenditure of work and pains, the members of the Music Studio are creating a perfection peculiarly their own. The company consists of young singers and actors who are willing to labour until each operetta presented by them is both music and drama at their very best. They have, for example, made their own version of *Carmen*. They went to Prosper Merimée's novel and manufactured from it a play that differed entirely from Bizet's prettified version, trimmed to suit the conventions of the French theatre. They

adjusted Bizet's music to their new book, and the result, under the title of *Carmencita*, was sung and acted by the players of the Music Studio. The performance proved more direct, tense, and thrilling than anyone who is only acquainted with operettas, as seen in America, could possibly imagine—so testifies Mr. Sayler.

The absence of the Moscow Art Theatre from Russia gave the Music Studio its opportunity. For five years the men in charge had been laying their foundations, and, with the theatre at their disposal, they showed what they had accomplished. They indicated that operettas can be done with a spirit and perfection of ensemble that make them almost like realism. To us, who live on a continent where a *Maytime* or a *Rose Marie* is the best original achievement in operetta, that statement seems hard to credit.

The repertoire of the Music Studio includes a Russian version of Offenbach's *La Perichole* and Lecocq's *La Fille de Mme. Angot*, known only by name to Canadians. But Nemorovitch-Dantchenko, who acted as co-director with Stanislavsky of the Art Theatre until he took over the destinies of the Studio, does not believe in giving imported works more attention than native products. A comedy, with music, has been made from Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*, and they have also made a revival of Rachmaninoff's early and forgotten opera *Aleko*. Their greatest effort, when the director believes that he has sufficiently prepared it, will be Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*, as he originally wrote it. The version of that famous Russian music drama known on this continent is the one revised by Rimsky-Korsakov, and it has gone through the opera houses of the world, including those of his native Russia, labelled Moussorgsky. The musicians of the Music Studio secured the original Moussorgsky manuscript, which had been kept in the library of the Czars at Petrograd. The statement has been given out that the ravages of the revising composer were more extensive than anybody ever dreamed, and the musical world stands ready for all sorts of revelations when the production of the Music Studio is, at last, presented. Moussorgsky's *Boris* may not actually reach the stage until 1926. Can you imagine any English-speaking director taking as long as that to insure perfection?

The artistic world has never before had an organization quite like the Music Studio. That is evident. It cannot be imitated on this continent, for the simple reason that our attitude is so different. In efficient America, the drama is looked upon as something that will make fortunes for people if properly exploited, and music shares a somewhat similar fate. With the acting profession union-

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ized as thoroughly as a trade, the ideals and conceptions of the Russians are impossible. Under our commercial conditions, I cannot think of any way of holding together a company like the Moscow Art Theatre, or the Music Studio, and our commercial conditions are not likely to change so long as they make satisfactory bank accounts for actors, authors, and managers. Some one may say,

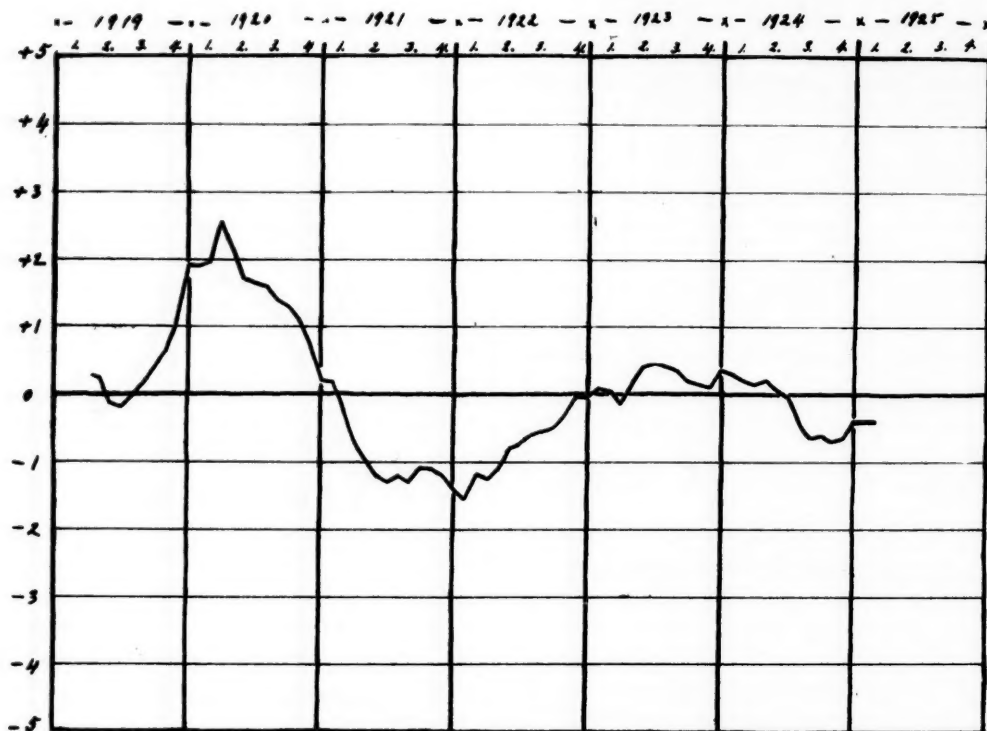
'The comfortable mediocrity of the New York stage is more in keeping with democracy than the artistry of Moscow, which has about it something of the taint of the aristocratic feeling.' Perhaps that is true. I am only saying a word of introduction for the Music Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre, and I am not attempting to discuss the relationship of art and democracy.

FRED JACOB.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

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*Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

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